

his long career. His last conscious words, reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, surgeon, U. S. A.; Charles Cary, Edward L. Munson, Assistant Sur-

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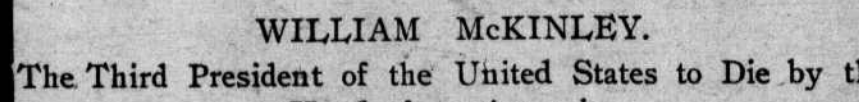
private in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, becoming commissary sergeant on April 15, 1862, second lieutenant September 23 of the same year, first lieutenant on February 7, 1863, and captain on July 25, 1864. He served successively

young William turned to his aunt, Mrs. Waller, and said: "Aunt Martha, don't you think it rather humiliating for a Methodist and a Latin scholar to be compelled to hitch up a horse for a brother to go to a dance?"

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good. The law of love controls our lives; every man we meet is our brother—aye, more, he is part of our very selves. We care not now for the honors and wealth and pleasures of this

10, as in Boston, and the cost and revenue of the Boston water plant are four times those of Buffalo.—New York Sun.



Hand of an Assassin.

Only a faint flicker at intervals told that he still lived. Occasionally he uttered a faint exclamation "Oh!" and before he quite lost consciousness Dr. Stockton, who was with him, heard him repeat the words of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

"Secretaries Root, Wilson, Long and Hitchcock,—Attorney-General, Knox, Senators, and Representatives and Burrows and Representatives Ryan and myself followed through the President's room about 11 o'clock and saw him for the last time alive. So quietly did he pass away that the members of the Cabinet who were gathered in the dining room did not know when he died."

Senator Burrows, who left the house with his handkerchief pressed to his eyes, could hardly speak so great was his emotion.

"The President's death seemed painless," said he. "He seemed to fall into a block of the cottage while the services were in progress."

The coffin was taken down stairs and placed in the large library at the front of the house, where it lay until it was taken out to the front windows, where the head toward the street and about two feet from a large pier glass. The upper half of the casket was open, and the interior was lined with velvet and purple violets, red roses and white chrysanthemums. Two other wreaths of red roses and white chrysanthemums rested on a marble shell at the base of the mirror. The carpet was covered with a large American flag.

Only the thinness of his face bore mute testimony to the patient suffering which the murdered President had undergone in the last few days of his life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast where the first bullet of the assassin had struck.

DEATH DUE TO GANGRENE.

Conclusion of Physicians After Autopsy on Mr. McKinley's Body.

Mulburn House, Buffalo, N. Y. (Special).—The following is the report of the autopsy upon the remains of President McKinley:

"The bullet which struck over the breastbone did not pass through the skin and did little harm. The other bullet passed through the skin and the muscle to the lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the ganglia.

"The bullet which had been found

There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from a gangrene which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet. Death was unavoidable by any other means. Medical opinion.

"Hirect result of the bullet wound."

"Harvey D. Gaylord, M.D.; Herman G. Matzinger, M.D.; P. M. Riskey, M.D.; Matthew D. Mann, M.D.; Herman Mendenhall, M.D.; Russell Parker, M.D.; Eugene Wasdin, M.D.; Charles G. Stockton, M.D.; Edward G. Janeway, M.D.; W. W. Johnson, M.D.; W. P. Kendall, surgeon, U. S. A.; Charles Cary, M.D.; Edward L. Munson, Assistant Surgeon."

President's favorite hymn.

She sang a hymn in a silent and brave way. It seemed as if her great faith had exhausted her power for suffering. With a handkerchief at her eyes she buried her suffering in her broken heart. Never moving until just before the coffin was carried out, she gently raised from her chair and away to her own room.

As President Roosevelt entered the room, Mrs. Gravelle walked past the line of the Cabinet members to the head of the coffin. At a moment he gazed on the face of McKinley. His eyes were suffused with tears, and his mouth contracted with a superb effort of the will he ttered his emotions. During the remainder of the service his face was sad and grim.

morning the public funeral service was held at the rotunda. Tuesday evening the body was immediately taken, under military escort, followed by the funeral procession, in accordance with the request of the family, to the city of Baltimore to the Baltimore and Potomac Station and placed upon the funeral train, which will leave for Canton, where the funeral services will be committed to the charge of the city of Canton, under the direction of a committee to be selected by the Mayor of that city.

A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Thy Kingdom Come.
Thy Will Be Done.

While lying in the operating room of the Emergency Hospital in the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, after the attempt upon his life, President McKinley put his trust in God and

only a few days before he died. At that time he suffered no pain. At his mind was at peace, save for his solicitude for his invalid wife. The scene within the hospital room was touching. When the doctor began to administer the anesthetic, the President was repeating the Lord's Prayer. He had reached the words "Thy kingdom come." They will doubtless be the words which he was lapsing into unconsciousness. With his simple prayer on his lips he submitted to the operation with the simplest implicit faith in the Almighty that the world has seen. After a week of hope and fear that followed, when the Milburn home, this same spirit of trust in God was ever manifest, and on his last evening he repeated the words, "Thy kingdom come." "That was God's way. His last utterance was, 'Thy kingdom come.'"

That's his way. His will be done. That was after he had said good-by to Mr. McKinley and all

LIFE AND WORK OF MR. MCKINLEY.
Career of the Late President—Lawyer, Soldier and Statesman.
 William J. McKinley, twenty-fourth President of the United States, was born at Niles, Trumbull county, Ohio, January 29, 1847. After attending the public schools he went to Poland Academy, and subsequently to Allegheny College, but before attaining his majority had become a teacher in the public schools. On June 11, 1861, when he was in his nineteenth year, he enlisted as private in the Twenty-second Ohio Volunteers, fighting in the famous series of battles in the West. He was promoted in April 15, 1862, to second lieutenant. On September 23 of the same year, first lieutenant on February 7, 1863, and captain in July 25, 1864. He served success-

by the attitude of the German officials, who sided with the natives.

The Family of the President.

President McKinley came of Crawford county stock. His grandfather and great-grandfather were leading pioneer citizens of Crawford. Strange to say, they lived in the banner Democratic township of this rock-ribbed Democratic county, and, when the Union ticket was voted the Democratic ticket.

In a little German Lutheran cemetery, a few miles north of Bucyrus, on the state road, can be found a modest gravestone, on which is the following inscription: "John McKinley, Revolutionary Soldier, Born 1756. Died 1840." The mound is neatly kept, and from the corners of the old rail fence nod wild roses in fragrant profusion. Just beyond runs the railroad, and a few of the passengers know that in this little cemetery rests the stock of the nation's President.

Behind the grave of McKinley is a tombstone of the same family. It is a granite block which is inscribed "Hanna C. Rose. Born 1757. Died 1840." These are the graves of the predecessors of the president. Throughout this county there still live a number of the descendants of the older pioneers, remember well McKinley the Revolutionary soldier. Among the closest relatives still here are the Waller family, their homestead still being a few miles from the county seat. Stephen Waller, the president's sister to the President's father, and has had many occasions to visit the old home in Canton. While Mr. Waller and the President differ in politics, the former is a vigorous and the latter a moderate character of the President, and speaks most touchingly of the Christian character of the President's mother. Since the death of Mr. Waller the family has been discontinued, but Mr. Waller relates many incidents in the early life of

The President which illustrate his early Christian training.

On occasion, during a visit of Mrs. Walter to the home of her brother, William McKinley, Sr., the President was a lad of 16 or 17 years. He was a student, and was poring over his Latin when his brother, David, who was superintendent of a coal mine, came rushing into the room and ordered young William to hitch up his horse and have it ready to go within five minutes. He was in a hurry and wanted to drive out to a dance several miles in the country. After his brother had left the room, young William turned to his horse and said: "You said, 'certainly, don't you think it rather humiliating for a Methodist and a Latin scholar to be compelled to hitch up a horse for a brother to go to a dance?'"

Theodore Roosevelt, who succeeds as head of the nation, is a member of an illustrious family. His ancestors were in this country about the middle of the seventeenth century by Klaas Martenzen Roosevelt. He was born in New York city on October 7, 1858, and was the youngest of six children of Governor Roosevelt's mother was a Georgian. One of his uncles was an admiral in the Confederate service and the other was a midshipman, who fired the last gun from the ironclad *Monitor* at the battle of Hampton Roads, before she went down, having been sunk by the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, France. He was prominent in college athletics, and was one of the editors of the student magazine, *The Harvard Advocate*. His year of foreign travel followed his graduation, in 1880, and almost immediately thereafter he entered upon a public career. His first position was as assistant secretary of the Civil Service Commission, the New York Legislature, in which he sat during the

He was an independent candidate for mayor of New York City in 1886, with the support of Tammany Hall, but was not elected. President Harrison appointed him a member of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1889, and he served as a member of the board of directors of the Police Department, displaying during the whole of that period a determined purpose to rigidly and honestly enforce the law. In May, 1895, he resigned to become Commissioner of New York City, in which position he displayed equal fidelity and fearlessness. On the inauguration of President McKinley, in 1897, he was appointed to the Police Board to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in

which position he served until the outbreak of hostilities with Spain, and to his energetic efforts the country had been attributed the complete readiness of the naval branch of the service to enter upon that brief and brilliant contest.

At the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia on June 2, 1900, Governor Roosevelt was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, receiving 925 votes (all the votes of his constituents), except that of Mr. Roosevelt, who was a delegate to the convention).

During the last campaign Governor Roosevelt made a long and arduous campaign, covering the Northeast, except that of the East. He made 673 speeches, traveling 2,209 miles, visiting 567 towns and cities in 21 States, and spoke to 3,000,000 people.

of force instead of the law of love. But if she did none of these things, even have I misjudged her.

But if she did none of those things, we are the great Babylon mother, then are there her daughters? Who can say? But those who do not know me, I am sure, are in many respects assemblers here. Do they not often try to make a show of wealth and power? Do they not often boast of their wealth and numbers? Is there ever a sermon without words to raise the money? Is it put only Christian men in office, that we, our sect, or our allied sect, may reap the reward of worldly honor and avarice? How often hear we the talk of "a Christian nation," for my kindom is not of this age. How often have you heard John Wesley or John Calvin referred to and extolled from the pulpit which would have preached a Christianity that would have been a great enervated in-

persecution? If they have not actually turned heretics at the stake it is because they have not had the power, and they have engaged in that kind of persecution only in the neighborhood of persecution which is generated by the same spirit and causes them to form little, narrow cliques of the holy and most holy whose chief result is their mutual intolerance and their forgetting of the command "to love thy neighbor as thyself," a forgetting that every man with whom we come in contact is our neighbor.

There are no good Romans, or, rather, Babylonians. If so, where then is the true church? The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. It makes no outward show for a spectacle to the world. It is the kingdom of the Father of the world. The voice of the Master comes to us and rouses us from the sleep of death into which by nature we are fallen. We look upon the loath-

improve it, but cannot. The mighty
bags of our own righteousness magnify
our hideous deformity. We perceive
both mind and body defaced and de-
graded by sin. We cry unto him from
whom alone help can come. He gives
us the spirit of a sound mind. He
clothes us with his righteousness. We
put off the old man and put on the new.
His life becomes the model of ours; in
and of ourselves there is no good in us, but
the actions of Christ are reflected in us,
and as he did so do we go about doing
good. The law of love controls our
lives; every man we meet is our
brother—aye, more, he is part of our
very selves. We care not now for the
honors and wealth and pleasures of this

the nature of the one who has sold his
 right for a mess of pottage; of one
 who took this matter up in defense of
 the honor of the Divine Master, whose
 steps I do not follow; but whose
 name I adore, for what he has made possible
 for me and all others, although in our
 and our sins we have rejected him.
 It was no one competent to an-
 swer was heard, then did I what I
 should. Praise and glory to thy Holy
 and glorious Jesus.
 M. A. D.

BUFFALO, MODEL CITY.
 Water System a Wonder to Experts
 From Other Towns.
 To persons interested in municipal

ernment one of the sights of the American Exposition at Buffalo is the city of Buffalo itself, which has a reputation as being one of the best governed cities in the world. It has 4,000,000 square yards of asphalt pavement, most as much as New York itself, a system of parks and boulevards scarcely surpassed in the world and its other public utilities are not equalled in a town of its size. Most of all, however, Buffalo's water system is revered by experts to be a wonder. Its plant is valued at \$3,000,000. The water supply, coming from an intake in the middle of the Niagara River, a mile of Lake Erie, is inexhaustible, and in the center of the city kept a vast distributing reservoir, which alone has a capacity of 115,000,000 gallons. Water comes to Buf-

from the river through two great tunnels, both hewn out of the solid rock. The pumping station which controls the supply is the largest in the world. It has 6,880 horse power, driving through the mains daily 187,000,000 gallons, which is almost equal to the flow of the River Thames. Buffalo owns and operates its own water plant. Although the population of Boston is twice that of Buffalo, twice as much water is consumed in Buffalo, as in Boston, and the cost and revenue of the Boston water plant are four times those of Buffalo.—New York Sun.